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Gaunt loved all children, and the child's liking for him brought him some kind of consolation in his misery. There was a look—or he fancied there was a look—in her pale face which reminded him of Declma. Perhaps, he thought, Declma had looked like that when she was a child. He knew, as well as the ship's doctor knew, that the little one was doomed, and his heart was full of sympathy for the anxious mother. The child told him all about herself, and often pined him with questions about himself.

"Why do you always walk about alone?" she asked, one evening.

"Well, I like it," he said. "Now, if you were able to walk about with me, Maude—"

"I wish I was," she said in her thin voice. "I often watch you when you think I'm not looking, and I see that you are always thinking, thinking. Mamma says that she's sure you've something on your mind. Have you?"

"A very great deal, Maude," said Gaunt, with a smile.

"And yet you're not going to Africa because you're ill and going to die?" said the child.

"I hope none of us is going to Africa to die," he said.

"Oh, I am," she remarked, confidentially. "Mamma thinks I am going to get better, but I know I am not. Something inside me seems to tell me so."

"We'll hope for the best, Maude," said Gaunt.

"Oh, yes," she assented, cheerfully; "but it isn't much use hoping. And now you're going to walk on the upper deck by yourself, with your arms behind your back and your 'thinking face' on. I wish I could come with you, then perhaps you wouldn't think so much; but I can't walk."

"You shall come all the same," said Gaunt; "I'll carry you."

"Will you, really? I'm very heavy, you know!"

"With a glance, which asked permission, at her mother, Gaunt lifted her in his arms, drew the shawl closely round her, and carried her to the upper deck.

She was wonderfully delighted, and prattled to him in her childish, artless way.

"You must be very strong to carry me like this," she said; "but perhaps you are used to it?"

He thought of the night he had carried Declma, and his lips set tightly.

"No; I've not had much practice in this kind of thing; but you're not very heavy, and I like carrying you."

"And I like you to carry me," she said. "I think you are a very kind gentleman."

"Thank you, Maude," said Gaunt. "That was a very nice thing to say."

Presently, he knew, by the way in which her head lay upon his breast, that she was asleep, and he carried her down to the saloon to her mother.

"Thank you, my lord," the lady said, as he placed her little one in her arms. "You must have a kind heart to be so kind to my child."

"I'm fond of children," said Gaunt.

THE "FLU" Dare Not Return

The "Flu" will certainly get a warm reception this winter if it dares show its ugly head in our peaceful midst, for the people are confident now that they can deal it such a smashing blow it will never survive. In every village, town and city in Canada, families are fortifying themselves with the greatest "Flu" annihilation known to science—Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture. Colds, coughs, etc.—the advance guards of Flu—are met with withering fire, and relief from these troubles is sure every time. One hundred thousand Canadians are only too willing to testify to the great healing power this remedy contains. It has conquered coughs of 35 years' standing. It cannot fail to do for you what it has done for others. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose, as it is sold under a money-back guarantee to banish coughs, colds, bronchitis, bronchial asthma, and prevent you from getting the "Flu." It is not a syrup, but a scientific mixture, 20 times stronger than any other cough cure. One dose gives instant relief. Price, 75 cents. Take no substitute. None genuine without my signature. Ask your druggist or by mail from W. K. BUCKLEY, LIMITED, 142 NUTTALL ST., TORONTO.

He went up on deck again. A fog was coming on, and he watched it rolling up from the horizon. He was thinking, not of the child, but of Declma. Where was she now? What would happen to her? She would not marry Mershon. But there would be some one else. Some one, please God, worthy of her. His heart ached with anguish as he thought that he had no right even to protect her. He was startled by a voice near him. It was Mr. Jackson's.

"The fog's coming on thick," he said. In the dull, expressionless tone which was habitual to him.

Gaunt assented.

"How far are we off the Canaries?" asked Jackson.

"About two days' sail. I should think," replied Gaunt.

Jackson moved away, and Gaunt paced up and down. Presently he almost ran against the captain.

"Thick fog?" he said.

The captain grunted and passed on. During the night the fog increased. Gaunt, coming on deck the next morning, found the vessel steaming in an impenetrable vapor as dense as a blanket. Every now and then she almost came to a standstill. The captain's bell seemed to ring incessantly; the mate's voice was heard at intervals gravely and sternly giving orders.

Gaunt knew that they were nearing a dangerous coast; but the other passengers, less experienced and well-informed, displayed no great interest, and felt no anxiety. They grumbled at the fog, grumbled at the captain, as if he were answerable for it, grumbled at each other; but there was no anxiety.

Gaunt himself was not apprehensive until the evening of the second day's fog. Then, as he was pacing the forward deck, he overheard the captain remark to the first mate:

"Better stop the engines!"

Gaunt had crossed the ocean too many times not to know what this meant.

The vessel had lost her reckoning; the captain did not know where he was.

Gaunt went down to the saloon. Some one was banging away at the piano; there was the usual laughing and talking. Some of the young people were, under the shelter of the music, flirting boldly; they all looked happy and free from care.

Then suddenly that peculiar noise of the screw, to which the ocean traveler so soon becomes accustomed, ceased.

Every voice was silent; the young lady at the piano stopped playing; every one glanced interrogatively at his neighbor.

"Before any question could be asked, the captain came into the saloon. There was an easy smile on his face, and when a particularly nervous gentleman exclaimed:

"The screw's stopped! What's the matter, captain?" he nodded carelessly, and replied:

"Giving the stokers a rest. Go on with your playing, Miss Brown. We shall be off again directly."

But the fog increased, and the engines did not start.

Gaunt went on deck and found the captain in close confab with the mate.

"Anything wrong, captain?" asked Gaunt, quietly.

The captain was about to make a brusque reply, but as he glanced at Gaunt's face, he seemed to change his mind.

"Yes, my lord," he said. "We've lost our reckoning. The fog has caught us, fairly caught us."

"Is there anything I can do?" asked Gaunt. "But of course there is not."

The captain shook his head.

"No." Then he said, as if with an afterthought: "Well, yes; you can go below and keep 'em easy till we get out of this. It may drift directly." But he looked into the fog doubtfully.

Gaunt, after a glance at the thick vapor, through which one could not see a yard, went to the saloon.

Miss Brown had ceased playing, and the alliance had settled upon the lately light-hearted crew. Gaunt went to the piano and struck a chord.

"Have you ever heard this song?" he said.

Everybody turned to him with expectation and surprise.

He was no musician, and he had not touched a piano for years, but in his younger days he had been able to sing and vamp an accompaniment. He played and sang the Judge's Song in "The Trial by Jury."

He scarcely knew what he was singing, but the audience applauded vociferously—all the more vociferously because this stern and reserved,

man had condescended to make an effort for their amusement.

"Encore! Encore! Give us another!" they cried.

Gaunt puzzled his brains, and after dint of thinking, remembered another song. It was absolutely necessary that this crowd of timid passengers should be prevented from knowing and thinking of the peril that lay so near them.

He played and sang, and little Maude stole up to the piano and leaned against him admiringly and contentedly.

"You are a clever man!" she said in her childish treble.

Gaunt rose from the piano and induced a more skilful performer to take the seat vacated by him.

"Let us have something with a chorus," he said, with a gravity which surprised his hearers, who had hitherto regarded him as the most grim and unsociable of men.

A young lady went to the piano and began the accompaniment to a comic song, to which one of the young men essayed to sing.

Gaunt heard the stern voice of the captain issuing orders, and the tramp of the crew as they obeyed:

The song proceeded, the chorus was being roared, when suddenly there came a peculiar shock and sound which struck the singers dumb.

No one knew what had happened, but through every man and woman there had run something which had sent cold fear and dread to every heart. They sprang to their feet and looked wildly at one another for a moment in silence; then the first shriek rose from a woman's lips, and was instantly followed by others.

There was a rush for the saloon door. That terrible thing, panic, had taken hold of them, and men and women fought for the narrow door-way, some of the former forgetting their manhood in their terror, pushing the women aside.

Gaunt stood near the door. He heard the captain, as he passed the supper deck door, pause and say calmly and sternly:

"Oblige me by keeping the passengers in the saloon, my lord!"

Gaunt closed the door, and stood with his back to it. She was rocking hideously, like a living thing in pain, and some of the women fell to the floor or were thrown there by the mad rush of the men for the door. Gaunt stood firm and square, with his legs apart.

"We must remain where we are," he said. "We must obey the captain's order. There may be no danger; we should certainly not better things by crowding on the deck and hindering the men."

Some of them fell back, but one or two of the men still pressed on him, and the nearest caught him by the collar of his coat.

"Who are you, to stand in our way?" he demanded in a voice thick with the frenzy of terror. "Stand aside! We're not going to be huddled up down here!"

"You, stand aside!" said one of two others, advancing threateningly.

Gaunt saw that it was necessary to make an example, and he promptly knocked the first speaker down.

"Please understand," he said, "that not one of us will leave the saloon until we have the captain's permission."

The man picked himself up, and the rest fell back a pace. Gaunt's calmness and firmness were making them ashamed of themselves.

Gaunt deliberately shot the bolt in the door, and leaned against it.

"Look to the ladies!" he said to the men. "The trouble may be over in a few minutes. We have a good captain and a good crew, and we can rely upon them to do their utmost for us."

His quiet words, his perfect self-possession, had their due effect upon the women. They ceased shrieking and screaming, but huddled together, crying and moaning in a subdued fashion.

Gaunt went on talking, doing his best to reassure them.

(To be continued.)

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